

# RZA, My Lovin's Is Digi

(RZA) Protect your girl from Bobby Digital

- (Force MD's)
- Sometimes! I find!
- Someone, fuckin with my pussy
- My money and my ride
- Tuck my nine inside my hoody (repeat 3X)

Sometimes! I find!

Chorus: Ms. Roxy

Catch me if you can bumpin  
Rides laced in a van - nothin  
compares when my niggaz come in  
Ride shotgun and, Bobby keep the love comin  
I'm sittin pretty and my lovin is Digi

(Bobby Digital)

Fresh dipped out my laboratory, just dropped down bout 40 stories  
Hit the ground, you analog cats ain't got nothin for me  
Red and blue mismatched shoe, abandoned your Wu-Wear bandana  
Play you Vegas type hoes silly, like Dantana  
Bubble Hill banger Goose, gold rope thick as hangman noose  
She had the honey blonde hair mixed, with the chocolate mousse  
Butterfly tattoo, Boo, let me holla at you  
And I'll change that tattoo to a Wu-Tang tattoo  
New York City ditty bop type slang, girl let's smoke a blantz  
Hit the Jack Danz, and after that we could dance  
with the Black Widow, gold Benz with the chrome griddle  
Fat juicy lips, ebony let me taste your spittle

Chorus (except last line)

(Bobby Digital)

Hear rap like Angela Bassett for Malcolm X  
Ice cold golden texts, cassette of Inspectah Deck  
Uncontrolled substance, earring inside her belly button  
and one inside her Power-U she said she use for nuttin  
SCREAM ON IT, Bobby the black Green Hornet  
Girl DREAM ON IT, I put the Killa Bee sting on it  
Rejuvenated, honey kept her throat lubricated  
Let off so much Chi, ginseng couldn't recuperate it  
Back scratchin, eyes squintin, Dusk to Dawn  
Quentin Tarantino type porn, like Lewinsky-Bill Clinton  
Suck it down with no commercial,  
good Power Universal Self Savior Why  
B.O.B.B.Y.!

Chorus

(Bobby Digital)

Girl SCREAM ON IT, Bobby the black Green Hornet  
C'mon DREAM ON IT, the Killa Bee sting on it  
Screw the top off the boilin pot, girl you must be boilin hot  
Sit on my unfalling cock, let me strike your G spot

Chorus

(Bobby Digital)

Yo, kept a nigga well fed, put seven braids in my head  
Pillow soft as cobweb, Egyptian cotton bedspread  
Lyn deep between the legs, I mix the sperm with the eggs  
Bust off about a keg, she called it creamy nutmeg

Chorus

(Bobby Digital)

Throw on my high beams, her breasts was like two scoops of ice cream

I scream, you scream, we all want, ice cream

Bone until she fall asleep, she can have a nice dream

I scream, you scream, we all want the ice cream

Chorus + "and my lovin is Digi..

and my lovin is Digi..

and my lovin, and my lovin

and my lovin is Digi"

Down-town!